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POETRY.



From the West Tennesseean.

SONG.—TUNE—BONNY BOAT.
Oh, swiftly glides my wand'ring bark
O'er life's tempestuous sea—
And tho' its morning sail is dark,
Its eve may brighter be.
The chart so plain—the Haven so nigh—
The pilot's help secure—
The waves, tho' dark and mountain high,
Can't fright it from the shore.

I'll risk my all on future bliss,
Survey life's sunny side,
And fondly hope I'll seldom miss
Its gentleness, cheering tide.
The dark scenes of my chequer'd lot
Will quickly all be o'er—
The frowning tempest be forgot
Upon the smiling shore.

The storms may rudely mock its way—
The billows' dark alarm—
But howling winds nor whit'ning spray
My bark can ever harm.
'Twill lightly bear its golden freight,
Secure thro' every storm,
And gain the haven where friends await
To hail its welcome home.

RUSTIC BARD.

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

"How the world's aspect changes!"
The family group is gathered,
And all are happy there;
The cheerful smile and glance pass round,
For life, with them, is fair.
A full, unbroken household!
It is a pleasant sight—
The mother's smile is sweeter than;
The father's glance more bright.

There is another gathering,
But one is wanting there—
The youth who sat beside his sire,
Comes not to fill his chair.
The grave-yard bears another stone—
The mis'd one sleeps beneath;
The cheerful smile doth yet pass round;
But thou art felt, O Death!

Again there is a gathering;
But where is she whose smile
Was wont to make our young hearts glad—
Our father's care beguile?
In vain we list a mother's voice—
'Tis still in the tomb!
The happy smile is seen no more—
Where mirth was, now is gloom.

Once more there is a gathering;
Once more an empty space
Proclaims that death has been at work
To flit a brother's place.
His grave is in a distant land—
Made by a stranger's hand—
Oh! hard is it to die, away
From our own native land!

That group may never gather more
Around that kindred hearth!
'Tis broken up—'tis broken up—
Are scattered 'd over the earth!
And where that humble mansion stood
There now is not a stone
To mark the spot, and tell of those
Who to their graves are gone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A POLITE SEA ROBBER.

We often read of extremely polite and gentlemanly highwaymen, who rob with such marvellous courtesy, that a man can hardly feel it in his heart to withhold his watch, his purse, or aught of goods and chattels that he may chance to have about him. But it is quite otherwise with your sea robbers, *alias* pirates, who are represented as a most brutal and unfeeling set, who have not the least dash of politeness about them, to redeem their characters from unmitigated odium. Such being their general reputation, it is with slight feeling of relief that we read the account of so polished and courteous a villain, as the one described below. It is extracted from the "Adventures of a wanderer." He had shipped at New Orleans, on board the Governor Griewood, bound to Havana and Liverpool as steward.

We got (says he) under way and proceeded down the river until we came to a place called the English Turn, when a bark, manned by twelve or fourteen men came off from the shore, and when they had arrived within hail, they called to us, and asked if we wanted a pilot. The Captain answered "no," whereupon the man in the stern of the boat ordered one of the men to throw him a rope. The rope was handed him, and it being made fast to the boat he came along side. He ascended the ladder, and came on board with all his men, excepting four, who remained in the boat. The captain of the desperadoes was a tall man, dark complexioned, and terrible in aspect. His eyes were black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman, and he wore a huge pair of sable mustachios. His men were a ferocious looking band, hardy and sun burnt. He saluted the captain in a courteous manner, and was profuse in compliments. His men, who wore long red Indian stockings, red caps and were armed with pistols

and knives, snatched carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where he was bound; he answered correctly, "to Liverpool, via Havana."

Our captain then cut short the interrogation of the pirate, by saying, "I know your business."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and asked them what sort of usage they had received since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little good."

The pirate then called for the steward. I made my appearance. "Have you plenty of grog on board?" inquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that bucket," said he, "and carry it down the fore-castle, for the men to drink."

I took up the bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the cabin, and filled it with liquor. I then took it forward to the fore-castle, where the men received it, and conveyed it below.

As soon as the crew had got below, and were assembled around the bucket, the pirate placed two of his men upon the scuttle to prevent any of the crew from coming on deck, while he with two of his gang stuck close to the captain and mate.

"Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down and invite all your passengers to come on deck." I did as I was ordered. Our passengers were a lady and two small children, and a gentleman who had been engaged in teaching a school in New Orleans; but having received a letter purporting that the death of a near relation had left him heir to a large fortune, had embarked for his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck. The lady was much frightened, but the pirate told her to be under no apprehension, and soothed her with language which would not have disgraced the court of Great Britain.

The pirate now gave orders to bring up the gentleman's trunk. The trunk was laid at his feet. "Now," said he, "bring up the Captain and Mate's property." They also were produced.

He then proceeded to overhaul the captain's trunk, which contained "no great shakes."

"Captain you have a very poor kit!" said he, with a scornful smile.

The pirate then examined the passenger's trunk. It contained about four hundred and forty dollars in specie. In rummaging the trunk, the pirate fell in with the letter containing the information in respect to the fortune which had been left the passenger.

This letter the pirate read, and giving a significant glance at the fortunate man whose direction it bore folded it up carefully and laid it down.

He then turned to the captain, and asked him if the man had paid his passage. "No," answered the captain. "How much does his passage cost?" inquired the pirate.

"Two hundred and twenty dollars," replied the captain. "That you must lose," said the pirate.

Then turning to the passenger—"You," said he, "I will treat fairly! You will want," continued the pirate, "when you arrive in Liverpool, two dollars to pay the porter for carrying your trunk;" he laid down the money; "your passage to London will cost you £2 10s;" he counted it out and placed it with the two dollars; "your dinner will come to five shillings, and you may want £2 more to treat some of your friends;" he laid down the money with the rest; "and for fear that will not be sufficient, here are twenty-five dollars more." He presented the amount of these several items to the passenger, gave the remainder to one of his gang, and told him to pass it into the boat. He then very courteously asked the time of day. The captain pulled out a fine watch, and answered that it was half past three. "Your watch takes my fancy mightily," said the pirate, and taking it from the captain he put it into his fob with great nonchalance, and walked away to the fore-castle.

"Come up here two of you who are sober," said he. Two of them scrambled up, and the rest came reclining after.

"Go down into the cabin, and bring up all the small arms you can find," said the pirate. "The two first sailors went down, and soon returned with an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols.

"Now, said he, turning to the sailors, "if any of you boys wish to change your situation for better pay and shorter passage, I will give a chance for rent I am after, and rent I'll have!" cried he, "this lady I had almost forgotten; come here, madam, and let me hear a little of your worldly concerns."

She immediately commenced an eloquent harangue accompanied with tears. She had gone on for some time in this manner, when the pirate immediately cried "Avast! avast there, that's enough; I'd sooner face the battery of ninety-eight, than stem the torrent of female eloquence!"

He then ordered some bandy for himself and his men.

Liquor was brought; I poured out a glass full for him, when he said, "stop captain, just be so good as to drink this off yourself!" after you is manners. I don't know what you yankee inventors may have put into this liquor. You may have thrown an opium in the cup." The captain drank it off readily. The pirate eyed the captain closely for a few moments, and then said to his followers, "come, my boys, we may venture," and the decanter was soon drained of its contents. The pirate then pointed to the main-top, and requested the captain to take a walk up that way. "And you, Mr. Mate," said he, "begin to travel up the fore-rigging. But mind!" said he, "stop when I tell you!" The captain and Mate had proceeded half way up the lower rigging, when he summoned them to halt. The captain was about

stepping upon the next ratting when the pirate again hailed him—"If you stir an inch backward or forward," said he, "you will come down faster than you went up."

The captain looked down and saw several pistols levelled at him ready to be discharged on the instant. He then remained stationary.

The pirate taking off his cap, addressed the passengers. He told them he was once poor himself, therefore knew how to sympathize with persons in distress. He hoped they would be grateful for the lenity which he had shown them, and then wishing them a pleasant voyage, he stepped over the side into his boat and was soon lost to our view beneath the foliage of the thick underwood which lined the shore and hung over the green wave.

From Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.

TREATMENT OF WIVES.

The next thing to be attended to is, your demeanor towards a young wife. As to oldish ones, or widows, time, and other things, has, in most cases, blunted their feelings, and rendered harsh or stern demeanor in the husband a matter not of heart-breaking consequence. But with a young and inexperienced one, the case is very different; and you should bear in mind that the first frown she receives from you is a dagger to her heart. Nature has so ordered that men shall become less ardent in their passion after the wedding day, and that women shall not. Their ardor increases, rather than on the contrary, and they are surprising quick-sighted and inquisitive on this score. When the child comes, it divides this ardor with the father; but until then you have it all, and if you have a mind to be happy, repay it with all your soul. Let what may happen to put you out of humor with others, let nothing put you out of humor with her. Let your words and looks, and manners, be just what they were before you called her wife.

But now, and throughout your life, show your affection for her, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or carrying her fan or parasol; not, if you have the means, in hanging trinkets or bangles upon her; not by making yourself a fool by winking at her, or seeming pleased at her foibles or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove by unequivocal deeds the high value you set on her health and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, and let it be with truth and sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolic stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords is the best that you can use, and especially before faces. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for a want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact that you value her health, and life, and happiness, beyond any thing else in the world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is always more or less in danger.

I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have just alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep, she not having, after the great danger was over, had any sleep, for more than forty-eight hours. All great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs; and they, in the very hot weather, keep up, during the night, a horrible barking, and fighting, and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am alluding, they made a noise, so terrible and unrelenting, that it was not to be imagined that even a person in full health and free from pain should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed. "I do think," said she, "that I could sleep now, if it were not for the dogs." Down stairs I went, and out I sallied, in my shirt and trousers, and without shoes and stockings, and going to a heap of stones lying beside the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards' distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might possibly reach her ears, and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be disagreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence; and, at eight o'clock in the morning, I found I was to a day's business which was to end at 6 in the evening.

SPANISH INTRIGUE.—It is said that among the papers taken from Gen. Cos, there were letters from no less than five different ladies, all of whom he had engaged to marry. One of the letters most recently received, contained a caution from the fair writer against the allurements of the American girls in Texas, who, she had understood, were very pretty. If the general was a "dastard in war," he was not a "laggard in love," at all events.—*Natchez Courier.*

LORENZO DOW.—Was an oddity, of the oldest kind. His sayings, for a time, like those of the celebrated Rowland Hill, filled the newspapers, and pleased the public, from Maine to Louisiana. Dow was known in all parts of the Union, and it is probable that not a town or city of any note was left unvisited by him. The story of his raising the devil, and the way he did it, is well known. The best anecdote of him is, that,

being one evening at a hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the celebrated Gen. Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven. "You say a great deal about that place," said the general; "tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long waving beard, towards Messrs. Bush and Root, and replied, with imperturbable gravity: "Heaven, f i n l s, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory; there is not a roof nor bush in it, and there never will be."

From the Norfolk Beacon.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening, a stranger, in a travelling suit, was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the western states. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of "Gwien down to shin-bone alley, Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Hallo!—uncle!—you!—snow-ball!"

"Sah?" said blackey, holding up his horses.

"Is that the Half-way-house ahead yonder?"

"No sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel."

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah—you know Massa Billy? he used to lib at de mouf of Cedar creek—he done move now do—keeps monous nice tavun now. I tell you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sah; you stop dah dis ebenin, I spee, all spectable glemplemen put up dah. You chaw backah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavenish for you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee sah; Quash my name."

"Quash, ch?"

"Yes, sah, at you sarvice. Ooh," grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice; he betta an green ribber; tankee sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice min, sah, monous nice man; emportain glemplemen in de fus stile, an I take care uv de houses. I lings to him, an do I say it, Mas Billy mighty clever man,—he funny, too—tell heep o' stories 'bout ghoses, an sperits, notwistandin he fraid on 'em he sef do, my 'junion."

"Afraid of ghoses, eh?" said the traveller, musing.

"Well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as it's getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-night."

"Yes, sah; gee up hoo! go long lively!" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley—"

The burthen "Long time ago," was taken up by some one, apparently in an adjacent corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears in some surprise; he continued, however, with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden,"

And the same voice again responded from the field,

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses, and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow-ball; it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern, without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted the customer with

"Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir—here, Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take out that chair-box—come, sir—and carry this horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir; he's rather particular about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see horses well tended, and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him on the back.

"Take care, will you?" said the horse.

"What, the d—l," exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

"None of your familiarity!" said the traveller, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern-keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub!" said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed—"You must excuse him, sir; he's rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo-ho, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash; what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

"Come landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle, and drive in search of the stables himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them—the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance—and, promised the traveller amends from a cold pig—which, as he inserted the carving fork into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow in large beads upon the forehead of the poor landlord, as he stood looking fearfully at the grunter: his

attention was soon taken, however, by voices from without, calling

"Hilloo! house! landlord!"

"Aye, aye; coming gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen—here, John, a light—bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,"—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights; but soon returned with a look of disappointment; he declared there was no living being without.

The voices called again—and the landlord, after going out, returned a second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

The stranger presently arose from the table, and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor said, Mr. Billy Lemon slept with the bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his chamber till morning; and those who pass there, to this day, may, upon close examination, discover the heels of old horseshoes peering over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and all other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in the morning mine host proceeded to make out his bill—

"Mr. J. S. KENWORTHY."

"To William Lemon, Dr. &c. &c."

This sum Mr. Kenworthy was recently a passenger on board the steamboat Columbia, from Norfolk to Washington city, when the violent altercation took place in one of the berths, between three or four different individuals, for precedence. He is said to be something of a wag, and withal one of the most accomplished Ventriloquists of the present day.

AN AMERICAN OIL WELL.—About ten years ago, on boring for salt water, 200 feet through solid rock, near Burksville, Kentucky, a fountain of pure oil was struck, which was thrown up in a stream of 12 feet above the surface of the earth, emitting, for several days, 75 gallons a minute. The well being on the margin of a creek emptying into Cumberland river, the oil took that course, covered its surface, and was set fire to by way of experiment, presenting the appearance of a river in a blaze. The flames climbed the hills, and scorched the highest trees. This oil is very inflammable and penetrating, and possesses so much gas that it breaks bottles in which it is confined. The color is green, but becomes brown on exposure to the air. It is extremely volatile and pungent of a pitchy taste.

There have been two flows in six years—the last on July 4, 1835, from which 20 barrels of oil were obtained during the time it continued. The oil is readily separable from the salt water, with which it is pumped up, by its rising on the top of it—a rumbling noise precedes the eruption. It is called American Oil, and is in high repute in Kentucky and Ohio. Some say it is medicinal.

[REMARKS.—It is probably petroleum, or mineral oil, one of those exudations from coal formations frequently found in our country, and in others. The gas may probably be carburetted hydrogen, often found in conjunction with it, and forming an inflammable gas, which is used at Fredonia, on Lake Erie, in this state, as a natural light house. The tereb. intimate pungent smell comes from the debris of the pine forests and timber, infused into and incorporated with the coal formations.

N. Y. Star.

NAMES.—A wag in the Philadelphia Gazette recommends Mr. Speaker Polk to arrange some of his committees more appropriately next session, and says that if he was the Speaker he would appoint

On Public Lands—Messrs. Forester, Fowler, Huntman, Huntington, Wildman, Hunt, Underwood, Parks, Cleveland and Grandland.

On Agriculture—Messrs. Fairfield, Sheperd, Miller, Wagener, Carter, Banch, Bean and Suckles.

On Trade and Navigation—Messrs. Chapman, Coffee and Briggs.

On Custom House—Mr. Bond.

On Roads—Messrs. Carr, Lane and Towus.

On Public Buildings—Messrs. Mason, Hall, Chambers, Ward and Laporte.

On Manufactures—Messrs. Mercer, Turner, Taylor, Spangler, Folter, Smith, Hamer, Steele, Taliaferro, Chaney and Potts.

On the Whole Hog—Messrs. Lyon, Campbell, Griffin, Muhlenburgh and Martin.

On Military Affairs—Messrs. Lansing, Pierce, Hardman, Shields, Ripley, Kilgore, Slade and Graves.

On Public Jobs—Messrs. Lay, Weeks, Double-day and Pickens.

On warning the House—Messrs. Coles, Ash and Burns.

On Education—Messrs. Childs, Reed, Page and Wise.

On the sword Pretendu—Mr. French.

On party devotion—Mr. Loyall.

On Abolition—Messrs. White Brown and Moore.

On the Currency. Mr. Banks.

On the Ladies' Gallery. Messrs. Mann, May, Love, Bell, Darling-ton, Cushing, Beaumont, Pinckney and Garland.

The Methuen Falls Gazette has the following motto over its editorial column:

"We'll gaily chase dull care away,
And banish every sorrow—
SUBSCRIBERS pay your debts to day,
And we'll pay ours to-morrow."

The two last lines appear to us very much like whistling jigs to mile stones.

A GANDER PULLING!—Attached to the programme of the Lewisville (Ohio) Spring Races, we see the announcement, that on the third day there will be a gander pulling on horseback! for a purse of \$25 for every head pull off!

"What the d—l—I am a Gander Pulling!" the unsophisticated reader may exclaim. We will tell him. Suspended from the top of a stiff post by the legs, just so high that on horseback, a man standing in his stirrups could grasp it, hangs a luckless gander, with his head associated with linseed oil. The horsemen then, in single file, dash past him in full gallop, and he wins the stakes who succeeds in wringing of the gander's "doom of thought." This is a favorite pastime in many sections of the south-west; and it may afford great fun for the Georgians, but "by George," it is no fun for the gander.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Noticing an extraordinary instance of absence of mind in your paper of yesterday reminds me of the case of an unfortunate friend of mine, who on retiring to rest put his boots to bed, and placing his neck in the boot jack, actually pulled his head off!

Truly appalling.—Intoxicating drink has made every twenty-fifth person in these United States a drunkard! This fact has been ascertained by the examination of whole counties in the most temperate parts New York.

PRICE OF A KISS.—The Sandy Hill (N. Y.) Herald, says that a Court of session was held in that town last week, for the trial of a man named Mills, charged with forcibly taking hold of Mrs. Brayton with the intent to kiss her! He pleaded guilty to the charge, and was fined two whole dollars! The price may now be considered as legally established and cheap enough in all conscience.

Appointment by the President.—By and with the advice and consent of the Senate, Edward Cross, to be Surveyor General of public lands in Arkansas.

Charles N. Garrett, to be Marshall for the Western District of Louisiana.—Globe.

Scrap from the Louisville Journal.

"The contest between Mr. Van Buren and old Gen. Harrison is a mere conflict between a northern seventy-four and a western frigate."—East Den.

No—it is a contest between a gallant, war-worn frigate of the West and a miserable Dutch tub, that has floated out to sea, with a hickory broomstick for its mast and a ragged diabloth for its sail.

If all that is said about Thomas H. Benton be true, how can he expect to escape the gallows.—Southern Whig.

By getting into the penitentiary for life.

A Tory pensioner in Indiana says, that he "would as soon cut stone in the penitentiary as do the dirty work of the Whigs." Very likely he would. Habit reconciles a man to almost any thing.

Mr. Benton, it is said, is dealing largely in the purchase of stocks?

Eastern Paper.

We should think he would prefer cravat. He certainly found that article very convenient at an interesting period of his life.

The editor of the Globe says, in one of his last numbers—"And now we come to the truth." He has been